

THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Examination Time, With Its Heartaches, Comes With Melancholy Days

Be Patient With Little Son and Little Daughter as Goggle-eyed Bogie With Clutching Hands Over-shadows Childhood's Joys.

By WINIFRED BLACK.

THE tests are coming again. I can tell by the color of the little girl's cheeks, or rather by the lack of color, and by the hunted look in the little boy's eyes. We used to call them "examinations" in my day, and how we did hate them! No quaking miscreant ever trembled at the gallows more miserably than I shook at the door of the classroom on the morning of examination day. I hated arithmetic, and knew I wouldn't "pass" in that, so I didn't worry about it. The worst is always bearable when you know it is the worst and make up your mind to it. But history I liked, and language and spelling and literature and geography, but what boded that? Not a thing in the world, not a thing. I could rattle off the Presidents of the United States as glibly as the market man rattles off the names of the vegetables on his stand, but let there be some question in the examination about who came from where, and I was almost sure to put Lincoln before Washington and John Adams down somewhere with Rutherford B. Hayes.

Could You Pass?

The capital of the Argentine Republic? I knew it as I knew my own name, but let the chief inquisitor in the chamber of tortures ask me to tell it, and I was just as apt to say Valparaiso, Indiana, as anything else. And well do I remember Nicky, niece—just like "hat—at an examination, and getting well scolded for it, too. What a farce it all is, the test and the passing business. You know the streets in your own city, don't you? Stand up in a row with a lot of other people who want to get ahead of you, and let some one ask you suddenly which street comes first, and see what your answer will be. Missed, failed—to the foot of the class for you! And yet the dunces who answered right know just about half as much of your city, really, as you do. "Tests are nothing but nerve wrackers," said a very fine teacher to me the

other day. "They're splendid to tell you just how nervous a child is, and that's all."

The cleverest children and the best, too, often pass the worst tests. I've noticed that time and again. Of course we have to have some system of marking or we'd never get ahead at all, but I wish somebody would invent something to take the place of tests.

So do I, dear teacher, so do I. I've been in the newspaper business long enough to know just a few things about it, but I'd have to have any one put me through a test as to heads, bank heads, cut lines and the rest of it. How about you, Brother Business?

You seem to get on rather well in the business world. How do you suppose you'd pass a test on accounts and debits and credits, at an hour's notice?

Your record holds you where you are. Why should you go through an examination every once in a while?

I don't know a thing about it and don't pretend to, but I should think a teacher could tell by every day recitations how much a child knows and what grade she belongs in. Why not?

Be Very Patient.

The melancholy days have come, the test time for promotion.

Be gentle with Little Daughter, mother, when she comes home tearful and shaken. He's adding on his fingers, under the table.

When Daughter stars and flushes at your voice she isn't guilty of some heinous crime, she's just trying to remember what to do when a greatest common divisor comes up.

It's a matter of something almost like life and death to the Little Girl to know whether her paper is marked 75 or 82, and you can't expect her to pay much attention to little things like food and sleep and light-hearted laughter.

She's all alone in the dark, poor little thing, and there's a bogie after her, a goggle-eyed bogie, with big teeth and clutching hands. Pit-pat, she hears his feet behind her in the room, and his name is "The Test." I do hope she gets away from him alive!

Suffrage News Pertinent And Impertinent

Do you know that over half a million men in New York State voted for suffrage; five times as many, that is to say, as make up the whole United States Army? (Alice Duer Miller in the New York Tribune).

The women of France who have been called upon to harvest the crops this year have made a creditable showing as compared with that made by the men in former years. The ministry of agriculture reports a good general condition. The acreage in wheat has been only 12 per cent less than last year. The acreage of rye is about the same as last year, and the oats are a little short of last year. Wet seasons and pests have caused the vineyards to fall off a little. But potatoes and fodder for horses and cattle have been exceptionally good crops this year.

The official figures on the vote for the woman suffrage amendment in Pennsylvania are 58,348 in favor and 44,034 against. Thirty-three counties were carried by good majorities and among these were four of the largest in the State.

Women hold many executive educational positions in the United States according to the Bureau of Education's directory for 1915-16 just issued. It shows that the 12,000 conspicuous positions, largely of an administrative character, 2,500 are held by women, are college presidents, State and county superintendents of education, directors of industrial schools, heads of departments in colleges and universities, directors of schools for afflicted, and librarians.

Twenty-four out of 52 colleges and universities are presided over by women. Of the nearly 3,000 county superintendents, 508 are women. Of the seventy institutions for the blind, fifteen are directed by women. Of the seventy-five State schools for the deaf, ten are under the leadership of women, and of the twenty-two private institutions of

the same character sixteen have women superintendents. Of the thirty-one private institutions for the feeble-minded, twenty are supervised by women.

Fourteen out of eighty-six directors of industrial schools are women, and forty-eight of the 200 schools of art are in charge of women. Out of 1,300 public and college libraries, women supervise 1,005.

Of the thirty-three bureau officials in the Bureau of Education itself, eleven are women. An inquiry sent out to election officials of all the suffrage States by Mrs. Mary Sumner Boyd, head of the data department of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, shows that the additional expense when women voted was insignificant. And this insignificant increase is an increase on an item that is itself one of the most insignificant in the State budget. Some of the figures received were as follows:

The clerk of Cook county, Illinois, estimated that the vote of women had increased election expenses about a third. In Chicago, for the three years preceding the woman suffrage law, the election expenses were: 1911, 23 cents; 1912, 29 cents; and 1913, 18 cents. In 1911, the first year women voted, the cost was 2 cents. In 1912 the cost went down to 32 cents. Figures for San Francisco show in 1911 (men voting), a per capita cost of 52 cents; the women's first vote in 1912 raised the cost only to 57 cents; 40 cents in 1913 and 38 cents in 1914. Some of the elections whose cost is given above, cost very little more than elections in which men only voted. In others the extra expense was fairly accounted for by other causes than the increase of voters. Indeed, in some cases the cost was less than when men only voted. For example, in Denver, both sexes and Alameda (men only). The former city spent \$12.75 per 1,000 for its election expenses, the latter \$4.60 per 1,000. The estimate for the increase in cost due to women's voting of one-third, is probably a liberal one.

We Are All to Learn to Play on the Ukulele This Winter According to Mrs. Vernon Castle

Hawaiian Instrument Which Looks Like a Sub-Normal Guitar to Be Fad for the Idle Ones This Year. But Her Husband's Departure for the War Is Much More Vital to the Interest of Mrs. Castle.

By FLORENCE E. YODER.

MRS. VERNON CASTLE announces that she is going to take lessons on the ukulele, and that New York is crazy about playing the ukulele, and that the new fad which she has picked out for Washington, which will not interfere as per guarantee of last week, with either the social scheme of this city or the weather. PLAYING ON THE UKULELE. (Pronounced you-ka-lay-ly by the masses.)

Last week in a long distance phone conversation Mrs. Castle promised that when she came down to Washington this week, she would have up her sleeve one perfectly good amusement for this city, which would be up-to-date, all the rage in other places, and fascinating, but which would depend for its existence neither upon the weather or upon Congress.

Yesterday in a face to face conversation she said it was playing on the ukulele. The conversation didn't revolve entirely around the ukulele, because a ukulele is too small for one thing and because for another, Mrs. Castle wished to talk about that which is nearer and dearer to her than fads, her husband.

Since there has been a rumor that all is not well in the Castle household, perhaps the short conversation which was had with Mrs. Castle will be enlightening. Indeed the writer trusts that there will be no cause on the part of the readers of the Times to regret the embarrassment which was suffered when Mrs. Castle broached the subject voluntarily.

For when a certain species of curiosity was thoroughly satisfied the only feeling was one of shame at having intruded upon the quite and calm, altogether human, and touching little tragedy of a very young wife, whose husband is away from her for the first time.

Going back to the ukulele and to the beginning of the conversation in the little dressing room at the National Theater, a definition of the ukulele is offered. In last week's article there was mention made of the fact that the promised fad might be playing on this Hawaiian instrument, but besides spelling the name wrong, ukulili, the writer quite unintentionally described the instrument as being like a colonial bed warmer. That was all a mistake. The ukulele is a small, undersized sort of a guitar, which looks as if it might have been grown under a bush. One might make the equation something like this:

Ukulele is to guitar as gourd is to pumpkin, or as pin-point is to dil pickle. There are four strings to the ukulele, and it is played by brushing the fingers back and forth on the strings, and the left hand touches the strings, sliding up and down them most of the time. This motion is called strumming.

This instrument is easy to learn to play upon, moderate as to cost, and has to be taught by a native Hawaiian.

Whether or not they—the instruments—can be made at home out of

The Immortal.

It sleeps in the bud and the leaf. It hides in the rustling sheaf. It quickens the hushed, cool flow. It quickens amid the showers.

It laughs on the sun-drenched hill. It glances in the silver rill. It nestles beneath the snow. It stirs when the March winds blow.

Where the braided maidens dance. Where the wheeling swallows glance— It is there; and it builds its nest Even in sorrow's breast.

From the dullness of clodlike things It wakens and finds its wings. Though the womb of the dark give it birth. It leaps and thrills through the earth.

When beaten and wounded sore, It arieth, o'er and o'er. For it never can perish quite— The spirit of pure delight. —James B. Kenyon.

empty derby hat boxes is not known. The chances are fifty to one that some one tries it.

The very first thing Mrs. Castle did when she came into the dressing room was to take off her shoes and say "Gracious!" Just wait until I get into some comfortable shoes before I can say a word. Of course my feet hurt sometimes just like those of anyone else. I can scarcely wait sometimes to get into my easy shoes.

She slipped off her round little toes which came down to her eyebrows, slipped off her coat, and folded it neatly, showed her bodice, named either Nannie or Annie or Fannie, into a corset and sat down to put on her comfortable slippers. They were dancing shoes with ribbon supports and heels shockingly high. The she folded her hands in her lap, hitched her heels up on a round of the chair, and said "Now, let's begin."

Then followed the news about the ukulele. Her eyes, dark blue and sincere, look over her shoulder, and brows which curve in a fine line the whole length of the eye. Her mouth is small, and her teeth just a little

prominent, and her hair, short and curly and combed straight back, reveals a broad white forehead. She has no tricks of speech, no affectations, and her low voice is a guarantee of frankness itself. "Don't you think that something like that is better than any sport which depends upon the climate for its existence?" she queried, when she had told how crazy New York was over the ukulele. Then, nervously clasping and unclasping her fingers in her lap, she talked of the performance of Monday night. "I felt a little strange," she volunteered. "You see, that was the first time I have ever appeared without Vernon, and I was not used to it. I never knew how greatly I depended upon him for my own work. She almost lay over as lightly, and stopped for a moment. The self-control which had helped her to bring the subject up almost slipped.

"His mind is so set on going," she continued. "And it isn't as bad as it he were going to join the army. There's a chance for an aviator that a man in the ranks doesn't

have." She has worked it all out, and even hopes that he will not see any active service.

"But it's rather lonesome for me, I thought it would be easier. I will almost be glad when he leaves New York, because then I cannot think of talking to him every day—the real departure will almost help. This talk of separation—she smiled, and then said with the greatest effort of all—"Why Vernon and I have never been as near as close—things have never been quite as they are now." The brave blue eyes tried to wink back the tears, and the hands writhed in an effort to regain the lost poise.

There wasn't the slightest doubt about the fact that Little Mrs. Vernon Castle is in love with her husband, and that, knowing how greatly he loves her, she hates to have him go away.

"You see, he's just crazy about it," she urged. "Those people over on the other side are crazy that way, too. People get that way sometimes about things. They want to indulge in them so badly that it is a mania."

"Just the way they were all

crazy about dancing?" And as she laughed at the suggestion the tension was broken, and the uncomfortable part of the interview came to an end.

"Just the way they are all going to be crazy about playing the ukulele," she concluded.

Those Lawyers Again.

An Englishman, while passing along the main street in a small town in Maine, stopped in a hole in the sidewalk and, falling, broke his leg. He brought suit against the city for \$1,000 damages and engaged Hannibal Hamlin for counsel. After settling up the claim, Hamlin sent for his client and handed him \$1.

"What's this?" asked the Englishman. "That's your damages, after taking out my fee, the cost of appeal and several other expenses," said Hamlin. The Englishman looked at the dollar. "What's the matter with this?" he asked; "is it bad?"—Exchange.



MRS. VERNON CASTLE.

Answers To Health Questions

A. L. S.—I am thirty-nine years of age, work indoors, have been in the habit of using alcoholic stimulants to a great extent in the evenings, have given same up now, and find I have night sweats. Will you please advise me what to do for them?

This is sometimes blamed on indoor life, poor ventilation, lack of bathing, constipation, too much bedding, and some infection present, they also occur in tuberculosis, but it is a complication from other infectious microbes, which good food, fresh air, sunlight and sleeping in a well ventilated room will remedy.

J. B. H.—Am constantly losing weight, am fifty-seven years of age. I walk three and one-half and four and one-half miles a day at times. What will put flesh on my body?

It would be better if you would not walk so far, since it is apt to cause one to lose rather than gain weight. Eat lots of nourishing foods, vegetables, meats, broths, soups, and a few sweets after meals. Sleep in a well ventilated room or better still, on a porch, between ten and twelve hours in the twenty-four, live an outdoor life, exercise daily, but do not overexert yourself.

V. R.—Will you kindly tell me what to do for nervousness? I have no control over my nervousness.

If you would think less of yourself and keep your mind on things other than your ailments, you might come around all right without any other assistance. Take long walks each day, but do not overexert yourself; study literature, and keep your mind well occupied with such works. Go to bed early and arise early, sleep in a well ventilated room, and avoid all excitement until you are well.

PERSONAL ADVICE.

Readers desiring advice should remember:

1. To address inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirsch, in care of The Washington Times.
2. To enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if a personal reply is desired.



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What They Say About Us

Pertinent Interests of Women As Viewed By Editorial Writers of the Newspapers.

Enlisting the Women.

Director Ziegler's appointment of an advisory council of competent women to assist the Philadelphia General Hospital and the Hospital for Contagious Diseases cannot fail to improve the usefulness of those institutions.

Despite its long record of service to the public, Blockley is much in need of those administrative elements which women selected by Director Ziegler will add to its equipment. They are women intimately familiar with relief work in Philadelphia, and zealous with an impulse to extend the city's solicitude for the sick and destitute.

Much harsh criticism has from time to time been aimed at Blockley, and few persons will contend that the institution has been or is all that it might be. It is the consensus of well informed opinion, however, that most of the faults complained of are the outgrowth of physical limitations of the West Philadelphia institution, aggravated in some particulars by insufficient appropriations by city councils.

It becomes the important duty of the woman's advisory council to

Assist in procuring those vital re-

forms which include the removal of the insane and the indigent to other and suitable locations, and the development of Blockley into a public hospital equal in all respects to the most efficient private institutions.

Without question the women named can accomplish these changes. Their selection supplies that infrequent link between Blockley and the public at large which is needed to produce results. Press this branch of the municipal duty has ever shown.—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

An Agitator's Fair Trial.

Even the associates of Miss Elizabeth Gurley Flynn in the I. W. W. agitation ought to be ashamed of themselves for what they have said of American courts, in view of the fair trial and acquittal of Miss Flynn, on the charge of inciting riot in the Paterson silk strike of 1913. The woman herself regards the verdict as a "vindication." Only in a qualified sense can that term be used. The jury did not approve or disapprove of what Miss Flynn had done. They simply decided that she had kept within the law.

The chief of police of Paterson, who has recently prevented Miss

Flynn from speaking in that city, may have to revise his tactics. The principle of freedom of speech is more important than the views of this woman or of anybody else. New Jersey's law makes it possible to have a jury from another county try accused persons when local sentiment is against them, and the Flynn abolition was secured from jurors drawn from Hudson county. Patterson feeling may still influence the rigor of the police methods of the past.

Most conservative citizens regret that any woman should give herself up to the exciting of social and industrial unrest. They may wish that Miss Flynn would mend her ways, without desiring to have her locked up in prison as an alternative.—Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

Question Box

Times Question Box—Can you inform me what the duties of H. Carter retired from duty in the United States Army. Has he returned to town yet?

M. A. E. Major General Carter was retired on November 15 of this year. He has not returned to town yet, as far as is known.



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